RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

*Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovly, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things.—*Phil. 4th, 8th.

BEYOND.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

The stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain-tops afraid,
Who yet, with potent toil, has gained his stand
On the bare summit, where all life is stayed,
Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
Another country, golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
Where Southern blooms unfold for ever more.
And I, lo existing by the twilight blaze,
Think of another wanderer in the snows,
And on rocky perilous mountain-tops I gaze
That ever frown relative the vine and rose.
Yet courage, soul, nor hold thy strength in vain,
In love o'ercome the steeps God set for fear;
For just the Alpine summits of great pain
Lie in thine duty.

THE MUSIC OF FAITH AND HOPE.

A Christian lady, who, in the providence of God has been called to suffer much, alike from impaired health and sore bereavement, in a letter addressed to a friend and reciting the facts of her own experience, used the following beautiful words:

I have learned by God's help to set my life to the sweet music of faith and hope. The words of Jesus to Martha are the key note, and the words of David, "I shall go to him," are the glad refrain.

There is a poetic beauty and a deep spirituality in this language that one cannot help admiring. The "words of Jesus to Martha," as referred to by this lady, and recently made the basis of an editorial in the *Independent*, are these: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (John xi. 25, 26.) This is what Jesus said to Martha when she was stricken with grief and weeping over Lazarus, then dead and buried. The "words of David," as also referred to were uttered by him when he was informed that his child, for whose recovery he had earnestly prayed, was dead. "I shall go to him," said the King, "but he shall not return to me." (II Sam., xii. 23.) Referring to both sets of words, the one for "the key note," and the other for "the glad refrain"—this lady said: "I have learned, by God's help to set my life to the sweet music of faith and hope."

Take this music with "the key note" and the "glad refrain," in the precise relation here indicated, and surely no other music so joyful and soul-inspiring ever fell on any human ear. Here is a mother who has just buried a child, with the full faith that that child "died in the Lord," and also the faith that he or she will be raised from the dead by him who is "the resurrection and the life," and with the stiff further faith that, by dying herself, she will again meet and know that child in the heavenly home. This was King David's case; and this is the case of the Christian lady whose language we have quoted. The "sweet music of faith and hope" just meets such a case, and gives comfort and relief to the heart. The separation is not final, and not eternal. Oh! no. The pious dead we have loved and lost are not destroyed. They are more living into the true sense than they were when here; and although we cannot bring them back and again greet them and be greeted by them on these earthly shores, we shall, if Christians, go to them and again live with them in the better land. Such is the "music of faith and hope," and any one who has the requisite experience fitting him to appreciate its charms will need no one to tell him that the music is "sweet." He hears it whenever he thinks of the remembered absentee. He never hears it without comfort; and as friend after friend leaves him here, until perhaps he stands alone, the future brightens in his eye, and Heaven becomes dearer to his heart. He is willing to die himself, whenever it shall please the Lord to call him, having far more to gain than to lose in dying.

"The sweet music of faith and hope" is, however, not confined to this special application. It is the music for the whole of life, and for all its events. Every note in it, from the deepest base to the highest soprano, is a note of melody. "Faith and hope" are in themselves rich and royal exercises of the mind; and when they rest upon God in his providence of grace through Christ, and embrace Heaven and eternal glory, as seen in thought and guaranteed by the promise divine, they become vast powers in the soul, filling it with sublime visions, lifting it above events, scattering the darkness of the present scene and making life joyful and happy, when otherwise it would be extremely miserable. Yes, "faith and hope," with God behind both, and with his word for the guide of both, are the best possible equipment for the great battle of life; the sweetest music with which to beguile its weary and sorrowful hours; and at last the hallowed song to be sung when the shadows of death thicken around us. There is no condition between the cradle and the grave to which faith and hope are not fitted; and he who has "learned by the help of God" to set his life "to the sweet music of faith and hope" has learned just what every man needs to learn. The two make the best tune ever sung in this world; and it is not possible to live or die happily without learning to sing this tune. Faith and hope, in the sweet words of Cowper, thus salute the "dear dying Lamb":

"I know no spring, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, stoping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

Faith and hope see the "Rock of Ages," and set their music to these choice lines:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee."

Faith and hope enable the soul to sing:

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears."

The great apostle of the Gentiles, having learned to set his life to "the sweet music of faith and hope," could say: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Philip. iv. 11.) Paul saw so much that is good in God, and gracious in Christ, and was so filled with the blessedness that came to him through faith and hope, that he had no time and no heart to complain of anything. God was to him at all times "the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort," (II Cor. i. 3.) The apostle was so enraptured with the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," awaiting him in Heaven, that the light affliction which is but for a moment," (II Cor. iv. 17) His life, while one of great outward trials, was a perpetual hymn. His soul was overflowing with doxologies. He often had to stop, to give vent to the sacred passions of his heart. Blessed man he was when living, blessed when dying, and now more blessed in Heaven.

Reader, have you set your life to "the sweet music of faith and hope?" Do you know how to sing that music? Do you sing it? Have you become a spiritual artist in this kind of song? Be assured that there is nothing equal to it in this world, and no substitute for it in this life. Whether you are rich or poor is merely a question of the passing moment, but whether you have the anthem of salvation on your lips and in your heart is the question of questions, transcending all others in its significance. You must here learn to sing this anthem or you will not sing it hereafter.—*The Independent.*

THE RUMORED RETIREMENT OF MR. SPURGEON.

Some years ago, writes Mr. Spurgeon in the October part of *The Sword and the Trowel*, my death was reported, and a kind friend improved the occasion with a funeral address, which turned out to be rather premature. Now the papers announce that I am about to retire from my post, and one of them even proceeds to arrange for my early death and distribution of my worldly goods, with which it liberally endows me, although, I am sorry to say, only in imagination. Now, all this utterly untrue. I hope to work on for many years, if my life be spared, and if the present age be continued. It came to pass that on a certain Sabbath morning, feeling very unwell, I had certain forewarnings of a coming attack of my constitutional ailment, and felt that I should probably be soon laid aside for a season by sickness. I therefore begged the friends to hear me while they could. They very well understood what I meant, but a strange newspaper man did not, but understood me to invite friends to hear my sermons while they could, for I should soon retire from the ministry. To this first error natural additions of talk have contributed more and more of the false or exaggerated. I have had nearly eight months' continuous preaching, and it is long since I have been favored with so great a privilege. The fall of the year has come, and with it symptoms that the old enemy is lurking about—symptoms especially in the hand which is needed every hour in the day for writing. But this is nothing unusual. It is not even so bad as is generally the case, and I am writing these lines with that suffering member, in the joyful belief that I shall keep on with my preaching and other work till the time arrives for me to take the holiday which falls to me about the middle of November. No idea of giving up my beloved work has crossed my mind of late. To whom should I give it up? Who will carry on the orphanage, college, colportage, evangelists, &c? Who will minister to that tremendous throng which crowds the great house as constantly as the doors are opened? When the Lord sends the manifest successor, the original worker will cheerfully give way; but why should he do so while, as yet, his years are only fifty-five, and he is no worse in health than he has been wont to be, but, on the contrary, has had a better year than usual?

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR A LIVING?

The *Spectator* heard the other day of one instance which affords a practical answer to the question often asked by women who are left unexpectedly without means. What shall I do for a living? The lady who has afforded this answer was reared in a luxurious home, surrounded by ample wealth, and endowed with all the refinement and culture which wealth and the best society can afford. Nature had happily also endowed her with that which wealth cannot afford, namely, common sense; and she availed herself of her advantage to go to a cooking school and become a mistress in the culinary art. Misfortune befalling the family has thrown her upon her own resources, with one or more dependent upon her. Instead of falling into the long line of applicants for school teachers' positions, or burdening the mails with children's stories or poems, to be rejected by cold-hearted editors, she has called her cooking skill into requisition. She has quietly let it be known among her old-time friends that she will serve them in their kitchens on occasion. When any one of the circle in whose parlor she was once and still might be a social ornament desires to give a specially nice dinner or tea, they send for her. She brings her cooking wrapper in a little hand bag, takes charge of the kitchen as the pilot does of a steamship on entering port, relieves the mistress of all care, anxiety and concern, and sends up a charming meal, such as luckless cultivated cook could not provide. She is in such great demand that her prices have already doubled. Why is this not an excellent example to be followed by one who possesses equal capacity and equal common sense?

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

BY ROBERT L. BANGS.

There was a king long years ago;
His name historian doth not know.

He lived beneath Italian skies,
A noble monarch, just and wise.

That he might serve his people well,
In a high tower he hung a bell.

He who was wronged had but to ring
The bell of justice for the king.

Was bound to make the humblest prayer
The subject of his royal care.

At first men rung it every day,
Rotted at last the rope away.

And, growing shorter by degrees,
Swayed lightly to each passing breeze.

For many a month it idle hung,
No longer needed. No one rung.

For justice men had learned to fear,
And dreaded now the bell to hear.

At length a wandering grape-vine clung
Tight to the rope that idle hung,

And firmly held it, sweetly grasped,
As if one hand another clasped.

A starving horse, turned out to die,
One summer day was passing by,

And browsing where the grape-vine hung
The bell of justice loudly rung.

Straightway a royal herald came,
And saw the horse, half starved and lame,

He told the king who rung the bell.
The monarch answered: "It is well.

"The brute for justice doth appeal;
For starving brutes I pity feel.

"Go seek his owner out for me,
And tell him this is our decree:

"Long as he lives this horse must fare
On oats and grass of his. Beware!

"If he again for justice call
My wrath shall on his owner fall."

Would God to-day there were a bell
That brutes could ring and thereby tell

The story of their cruel wrongs,
And win the justice that belongs

To every creature, great and small;
For God their Maker loveth all

—*Flint, Mich.*

PERSIAN ETIQUETTE.

The Persian etiquette concerning women is very strict. In a visit of ceremony no man approaches the anderoon, and he is also careful to avoid the slightest reference to the ladies of the household. Conversation always opens with complimentary inquiries as to the health of the visitor, together with formal compliments, all of which he is expected to reciprocate. But though a wife might be at the point of death it would be a breach of decorum for the male visitor to press inquiry in that direction. The same custom prevails in letter-writing. A Persian letter or dispatch always opens with compliments. In place of our "Dear Sir," a Persian gentleman would commence somewhat in this way: "To the exalted in dignity; to the glorious companion of honor. Mr. Jones! I write to inquire after your health, and am deeply anxious that all your days should pass happily, for you are good and perfect." This is so much a matter of form in Persian writing that in Blue Books containing dispatches from the Ameer of Afghanistan, which are usually written in Persian, it may be noticed that every one begins with the words "After compliments," which is sometimes abridged to "A. C."—the irreducible minimum of this oriental fashion. In no Mohammedan country are domestic slavery and polygamy so general as in Persia. Of course, without a large immigration or importation of women, polygamy cannot in any country be universal, for nature provides a practical equality of sexes, and so it happens in Persia that polygamy promotes the appropriation of marriageable women by all but the poorest. In Persian streets and in travel, the women are in the landscape what the black coated and chimney-potted Europeans are in the street scenery of the western continent. In Persia it is the men who give the beauty of color to the scene, clothed most gracefully in those tints of green and blue, of red and yellow, which the improving taste of Europe has learnt to love and to adopt. In the towns the traveller recognizes in the people the characters of the tales, of "The Arabian Nights." There is the handsome, stalwart porter, scratching his shaved head, with panting, sunburnt breast, ready for any summons, including that of the veiled and always mysterious lady in blue or black envelope. There is the merchant from Bagdad or Tabriz, wearing the respectable turban of a pilgrim, or some other mark, to show that he has right to be greeted in the market place as "hadji." His green or white turban is spotless and ample, a cloak of fine cloth or cashmere, gold-braided, hangs from his shoulders, and his tunic of purple or green is bound with a costly silken sash of red and yellow, in which, probably, the case containing his reeds and inkhorn, for writing, is thrust like a dagger. Everywhere is seen the priest, or the mollah, mounted, when he can afford to ride, with all the airs of a superior person, upon a white donkey. The tradesman, all picturesque, sit smoking a "kalian" or reading the Koran upon the front planks of their stalls in the cool—or in winter bitterly cold—bazaar, without any more apparent interest in their business than if it were a mere cloak for the supernatural concerns of their life in such another world as that in which moved the genii of those wonderful tales. Even without magic art there are in Persia always two mysteries. There are the veiled lady and the walled up house. No foreigner may see even the eyes of a Persian woman of the middle and superior classes except by accident. She moves through the streets and bazaars, on her white donkey, or on foot, in a complete disguise. In all her outdoor life she is a mystery. She may be young or old, white or black, fair or ugly—on a mission of sin or upon an errand of mercy—no one knows who she is as she shuffles along upon red or yellow shoes which it is difficult to keep upon her feet, because the upper leather ends about the middle of the foot, and the heel is not confined. She, or her attendant slave, raises at some mud-walled house an iron knocker upon a door like that of a fortification, is admitted, the door is closed, and there is no window from which the women, the children, or the slaves of that house can communicate with the outer world. It is a despotism within a despotism. Each one of these mud-walled houses is the seat of a sovereignty, practically irresponsible, and established and confirmed by the greatest power in Persia—that of the Koran.—*Arthur Arnold.*

THE DUTY OF BEING PLEASANT.

In his speech at the Dean Stanley commemoration meeting, James Russell Lowell told of a tombstone in the neighborhood of Boston, on which was recorded the name and date of the death of a wife and mother, and then the words, "She was so pleasant." Applying this thought to the subject of his address, Mr. Lowell added: "I think no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people."

"So pleasant to so many people." The whole force of the sentence lies in that later half of it, for everybody knows how easy it is to be pleasant at times, and to certain people, but when it comes to "so many," ah! there's the rub; for no man, be he dean or deacon or nobody in particular, could ever win a like encomium by being pleasant only when it was pleasesant to be pleasant.

Very lovely must have been the life of the New England mother whose biography could thus be summed up in one short sentence which yet leaves nothing to be told, and of that other mother, whose resting place in an old England church-yard is marked with a marble slab bearing the beautiful words: "She always made home happy."

Many a time must the outcries of wearied muscles and overtaxed nerves, not to speak of sorrow-smitten hearts have gone unheeded in order that the face might seem full of sunshine to the sharp eyes ever upon it.

It may appear a hard thing to say, but can it be gainsaid, that there is no duty more largely neglected by the average every-day Christian than the duty of being pleasant?—which, in view of the fact that no other duty is so easy of performance, and costs so little, seems passing strange, particularly when, of all people in the world, Christians ought to be the most cheerful in their social relations.

Understand me. I have no reference to that thin veneer of geniality which the gruffest of us can assume together with our "company manners." There is something so patently insincere about this that it hardly deceives even the children. Nobody would earn the Massachusetts mother's epitaph, though they practised that kind of pleasantness all their days. True pleasantness, like true beauty, must be more than skin deep. It must have it roots in the heart ere it flower forth in the face to brighten and bless.

If Christians only realized as they should the gain of being pleasant, they would surely take more pains to cultivate the grace.—*S. S. Times.*

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF GERMANY.

The young Emperor of Germany, William II., has five little boys. The eldest is seven years old. He is the Crown Prince, and the air of the throne. He will some day be Emperor of Germany. He is a fine, manly little fellow.

Germany is a very military country, and the Emperor William is such a thorough soldier that strict military discipline is the order of the day in the nurseries of his little people. As soon as petticoats are left off the tiny boys are dressed in baby uniforms, and the Young Crown Prince looks quite like a little soldier.

When their father visits them in their own quarters (as I suppose I ought to call such a military nursery), the Crown Prince commands his smaller brothers to "fall in." Then Frederick and Albert, who are scarcely more than babies, "fall in." Little Prince Albert is such a mite that he is not able to keep his position for long, and he soon trots away to his nurse's side. But the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick stand stiff and starched like real soldiers till their father returns their salute in proper fashion.

When the little Crown Prince was six years old he was given a bed-room to himself instead of sleeping in the nursery with the others. He was very pleased, and said: "Oh! that is nice; now I need not be with the children any more."

In the summer of 1888 all five boys had a charming holiday with their mother at the beautiful Castle of Oberhof, in the forest of Thuringia. Their father was away. A little fort was built for them in the corner of the gardens, with a tent and two small cannon. The eldest three, dressed in officers' uniforms, paraded in front of the fort. Then, while the Crown Prince beat the drum an old soldier showed the other two how to attack and defend the fort. Little Prince Augustus William, who was only a year and a half old, was dressed in white and wore a tiny helmet. He looked on and clapped his hands.

In Germany every boy, whether he is the son of the Emperor or of a peasant, has, some day, to be a soldier.

The Emperor is very fond of his five boys. Almost his first question is, when he returns home, "How are the boys?"—*Little Men and Women.*

AN OLD HYMN.

The origin of the familiar Sunday-school hymn,

There is a happy land
Far, far away,

has lately been explained in the columns of the New York *Tribune*. It was composed in 1838 by Andrew Young, a man now eighty years of age, a lover both of music and of children. The tune is an old Indian air, whose melody struck Mr. Young's musical ear and haunted him until he was able to write out suitable words for an accompaniment. He sang the hymn in the presence of an intimate friend, who was a publisher, and it got into print at once and has been translated into nineteen different languages. It is said that Thackery once burst into tears on hearing it sung in the slums of London by a crowd of poor, ragged children sitting on the pavement. The contrast between their squalid surroundings and the ideas suggested by the words of the hymn was too much for his tender heart.

An Ohio minister, at the close of some remarks in his own church, said: "We will now hear from our colored brother." The visitor addressed, before entering upon his subject, said: "My brother is mistaken, I am not colored, I was born black.

THE RAINBOW PATH.

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES.

The rain it rained a weary while,
But when the clouds took flight
The setting sun flashed back a smile,
(Good-night, dear sun, good-night!)
And from the far horizon's breast
An arching rainbow sprang to rest
Its hither tip on mountain crest,
A bridge of colors seven.
Rainbow,
I know
Thou art the path to Heaven.

The flowers that smiled by April rills
And made the summer bright
Have faded from the autumn hills.
(Good-night dear sun, good night!)
But blossom-spirits sweet and fair
Are waited by the gentle air
To bloom above in beauty rare
And weave the colors seven.
Rainbow,
I know
Thou art the path to Heaven.

And when along that gleaming way
We fare in sandals white
Beyond the golden gates of day,
(Good night, dear sun, good night!)
We'll kiss the blossoms as we go,
And think how on earth below,
They lit the fields, are called to glow
Within the colors seven.
Rainbow,
I know
Thou art the path to Heaven.

Wellesley, Mass.

DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," recently addressed a Boston audience at Harvard College, President Eliot presiding. As might have been anticipated, the lecture was eulogistic of Hindoo religious literature, the subject being the "Philosophy of the Upani-Shads." In the brief report that was printed, it is easy to discern the spirit which is ready to exalt heathen writings above the Word of God. Numbers of accomplished men, with great learning and wide sympathies, have made the reading world familiar with the fundamental ideas of the great Hindoo religions. Knowing well their characteristic features and influences, it is strange that a man of culture should appear to turn his back upon the "Light of the World" to worship the "Light of Asia." But it is much stranger that an audience in old Cambridge, surrounded by the memorials of the Puritans, should applaud a sentiment that was an insult to their intelligence, a scoff at their best inheritance, and a slander upon their noblest ancestry. Thus spake the lecturer: "As for the shade in the Hindoo system, I love the gloom better than the Calvanistic sunshine." [Loud Applause.] If this means anything, it means that the poet thinks the worst of Budhism better than the best of Calvinism.

He spoke at the intellectual centre of a Commonwealth that was founded and made glorious by Calvinists. The *Mayflower* was freighted with Calvinists. They planted the seed of this great government. They reared the generation that maintained its struggle for independence. They established the schools and universities which have delivered the land from ignorance and superstition.

It is interesting in this connection to recall some testimonies from those who were not Calvinists, but who would not have applauded one who mentioned Calvinism with a sneer. Rinke, the historian, says: "We may consider Calvin as the founder of the Free States of America. It was his doctrines which shaped the men who left home and country in order to preserve their religious freedom in the wilds of America."

David Hume said: "So absolute was the authority of the Crown that the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone; and it was to this sect the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution."

The learned Sismondi said: "Geneva has been the champion of double liberty, civil and religious; of English liberty, wise and powerful at the same time; progressive yet conservative."

James Anthony Froude says: "Calvinism is the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which has appeared and reappeared, and will reappear again unless God be a delusion and man as the beasts that perish. * * * Calvinism has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint, than to bend before violence, or to melt under enervating temptation."

Our great American historian, George Bancroft, draws this conclusion from his study of our history: "He that will not honor the memory and respect the influence of John Calvin, knows little of the origin of American liberty."

These are but a few of the many testimonies from eminent sources that have been given to the character and influence of that religious teaching which is known as Calvanism. But this Englishman who owes the rights and privileges he enjoys to the constitutional government, which was the work of Calvinistic ministers and statesmen, has nothing more important to say to a Boston audience than he loves the gloom of the Hindoo system better than the sun-shine of Calvinism. Because it tickles their palate who have no taste for the serious truths suggested by the word, they welcome the remark with demonstrations of approval.

In this spirit of blind adulation of the Hindoo, the lecturer again remarks:

"In India, with its two hundred millions of inhabitants, there never occurs a marriage of inclination. Yet there are more happy homes, more pure domestic relations, than in any other part of the world."

Did the Boston audience humbly accept this as truth to be accepted and approved? We have before us a masterly work by a native Hindoo, whose intellectual gifts and cultivation are not inferior to Mr. Arnold's. His volume is entitled "Hindoos as They Are," by Sahib Chunder Bose. On the system of caste, he says: "The distinction of caste is woven into the very texture of Hindoo society. In whatever light it is considered, religiously; morally or socially, it must be admitted that this abnormal system is calculated to perpetuate the ignorance and degradation of the race among which it prevails."

Of "Woman in India," he says: "From the day she is ushered into the world to her dissolution, she is surrounded by adventitious circumstances which from the peculiar constitution of the society in which her life is cast, contain a larger admixture of misery than of happiness. Weak and frail as she usually is made by nature, the conventional forms and usages to which she is religiously enjoined to adhere, alike tend to deprive her of temporal and spiritual happiness . . . In almost every stage of life, from infancy to old age, her existence presents a uniform picture of gloominess, uncertainty, despondency, and neglect. . . . She dare not emerge from the unhealthy seclusion of the *andarmachal* (the female department), where suspicions and jealousies, envy and malignity, are not unfrequently brewing in the boiling caldron of domestic discord. . . . An European lady can have no idea of the enormous amount of misery and privation to which the life of a Hindoo female is subjected. . . . If she is ever happy, she is happy in spite of the cruel ordinances of her lawgiver, and the still more cruel usages and institutions of her country."

It would not be worth while to notice such statements as this by Mr Arnold, if there were not many who read them in the daily press, and may be influenced by them without the slightest reason. There is a mass of testimony, from men of many different creeds and nationalities, who have spent their lives in India, which makes his statement simply preposterous.—*New York Observer.*

AN AMERICAN ROBERT ELSMERE.

Robert J. Burdette tells this story in *The Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist):

"You have some imagination," said the editor kindly, "but you are no poet; I wouldn't try any more poetry if I were you. I think I know what you can do. Are you at all religious?"

"Not a bit," replied the young woman, for it was she.

"But you know something about religious people, don't you?"

"Very little; I might say not at all," said the young woman. "I have never associated very intimately with them."

"But," persisted the editor, "you must know something about the several denominations, and the points of difference in their creeds and practice? You know what the Baptists believe, for instance, and what the Methodists are, don't you?"

The young woman sighed. "I could not tell a Unitarian from a Democrat," she said. "I don't know much about Church matters; all I know positively about denominational practices and creeds is that the Methodists baptize only in running water, and only once, while the Presbyterians baptize in baptistries, three times, face downward. Oh, yes, and I know the Universalists believe that all men are foreordained to be damned."

"Good," cried the kind-hearted editor, aglow with pleasure. "I knew you were just the person who could do it! I want you to write a theological novel, something on the 'Robert Elsmere' style, you know, to run through about five or six numbers of the magazine. We'll call it the 'American Robert Elsmere,' and it will go off like hot cakes. You can do it, don't be afraid; just go for the Puritans and old-fashioned religion as though you knew all about it. You know plenty enough to write a novel about it."

HOW ENGLISH KINGS DIED.

Henry I, of gluttony.
Henry VII, wasted away.
Edward VI, of a decline.
Charles I, on the scaffold.
Richard III was killed in battle.
George III as he had lived—a madman.
Henry VIII, of carbuncles, fat and fury.
George IV, of gluttony and drunkenness.
James I, of drinking and the effects of vice.
Charles II, suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.
William the Conqueror, from enormous fat and from drink.
Edward V, was strangled in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III.
William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.
Henry II, of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.
William III, of consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.
George I, from drunkeness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.
Edward III, of dotage, and Richard II, of starvation—the reverse of George IV.
Edward II, was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife.
Henry VI, in prison, by means known then only to his jailor, and now only known in Heaven.
George II, died of rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of the day termed a visitation of God.
Richard Cœur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.
Henry V, is said to have died of a "painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Jersey *Press and Independent*, in speaking of a sermon of Dr. Macdonald, recently delivered, says:

"The thousands who have read 'Robert Falconer' or others of Dr. Macdonald's books must have felt that the man who could write as he does must needs be, whatever his style or address, a great preacher. Canon Wilberforce considers him one of the greatest preachers of the age. Many failed to secure seats last Sunday, but those who were fortunate enough to secure room felt that they were hearing a sermon which was intensely heart-produced. After a lucid and expository reading of a portion of Isaiah, the Doctor took for his text Matt. ii. 25th and following verses. There was no stereotyped firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on in his treatment of his subject, but the preacher dealt with it with such sincerity of conviction on his own part as could not fail to bring his words home to all. His imposingly venerable appearance added to the effect of his discourse, and his hearers were fain to realize that it was in truth a child of God who was urging upon them individual final knowledge of a service to the Father through Christ the Son."

HE LEADETH ME.

In pastures green? Not always. Sometimes He
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So; whether led in green or desert land,
I trust—although I may not understand,

And by still waters? No, not always so:
Oftentimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the dear Lord standeth by
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this, where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, where He leads me, I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

BEAUTY IN WOMAN'S FACE.

No cosmetics are so capable of enhancing beauty as the smile of good temper and a desire to please. Beauty of expression is, more than any form of loveliness, capable of cultivation. A woman may not have perfectly regular features, but her face will be so lit up with the beauty of goodness that she cannot fail to please, if she strive to obey the spirit of some such rules as the following, which may be multiplied or diminished according to particular cases:

1. Learn to govern yourselves, and be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts.
4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.
6. Never retort a short or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.
10. Study the characters of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.
11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods and pets and fits of sulkiness.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children. *The Five Talents of Woman.*

EVILS OF CIGARETTE SMOKING.

Again (on August 12th) the New York *Press* reporter went round to call upon the leading physicians of this city to endeavor to ascertain the effects of cigarette smoking upon the youth of the metropolis. All with one accord seemed to agree that it tended to cause insanity and general unfitness for work of any kind.

"Do you consider it injures the lungs?" was the question asked of one physician.

In answer, the doctor took a cigarette, lighted it, and drawing in a mouthful of smoke, blew it out through a corner of his handkerchief, which he held distended across his mouth, and then exhibited the place where the smoke had passed through. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible.

"Now," said the doctor, "that same stain that you see on my handkerchief is left on the lungs, which are, as you know, soft and spongy in texture as is the handkerchief."

Dr. William A. Shufelt, of west Eleventh street, said in the course of an interview, that he had seen himself many cases of paranguis sicca, one of epilepsy, and one of the total insanity, caused entirely by cigarette smoking. The makers of cigarettes, he said, especially of a cheap kind, import quantities of opium, which is largely used in their manufacture. "It is a well-known fact," he continued, "that there is nothing so alluring as opium, and you will find that smokers of cigarettes unconsciously choose the kind that contain drug in the largest quantities. Probably the persons who like it the most have not the faintest idea of what it is that they care about in the cigarettes they are smoking. Among the inhabitants, principally the foreigners, of the East side of the city, you will find among the youth terrible cases of emaciation and incapability for work caused entirely by this habit, which has grown upon them, of constantly smoking cheap cigarettes, which are probably more or less saturated with opium. Of course the principal evils of cigarette smoking are caused by the fact that the smoke is inhaled unconsciously by some, and on purpose by others, so that in time the lungs become quite studded and eventually destroyed."

THE MOTHER OF HUME.

The proverb is, "All's well that ends well." Christianity is best praised by the fact that it lasts to the end. No substitute has ever been found for it which will solace in the hour and article of death. The *Alabama Advocate* says:

It is said that Hume's mother was a devout and sincere Christian woman, but adopted the theories of her talented son. The time of her death approached, and she sent her son the following message: "Tell David he induced me to throw away my Bible and deny my God and abandon my religion; and now I am dying and have no hope, no peace, he must come and comfort me in the dying hour." But Hume had no comfort to give, his philosophy was as cheerless as the grave. How must this man have felt when his own mother charged him with her destruction!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

REPRESENTATIVES of the missions of the Canada Methodist Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Japan, have agreed to a basis of union. The new organization is to be called "the Methodist Church of Japan." It provides for annual conferences, as at present, with districts, and for a general conference. The ecclesiastics are to be Bokushi (pastor), Choroshi (presiding elder) and Sokotu (superintendent of bishop). The Sokotu is to be elected by the General Conference for a term of twelve years, without the privilege of re election. He is to preside over the annual conferences and the General Conference, and station the preachers by and with the advice and consent of the Choroshi. If any one of the Choroshi object to an appointment he may appeal to the Cooroshi, and if they sustain his appointment the appointment shall not be made. The Choroshi perform the functions of presiding elders in this county.

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A HARTFORD lady tells this true relation concerning her ancestor, who was a direct descendant of John Eliot, the great missionary and scholar. This lady lived in New Haven, and had occasion to send to Boston for a number of kegs of nails. New Haven at that time (about 1765) not producing these necessaries. In due time the kegs arrived, and on opening them it was discovered that one was filled with Spanish dollars. The family wrote to the Boston merchant, telling him that one of the kegs held something more valuable than nails. He replied that he had bought them for nails, and his responsibility therewith ended. Well, they were kept among the family treasurers for many years untouched and unclaimed, until the death of the head of the house, who, in her will, ordered that they be melted and cast into a communion service for the New Haven Church, which was done, and it is still probably in use.

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IN Jerusalem and Bethlehem five new churches are being erected at the present time. Among these the most important is a magnificent Russian church erected by the Russian Palestine Association. This society, which numbers among its members men of the highest position, has an income which enabled it to spend six hundred pounds a month on its work. The Russians are remarkable active in the Holy Land just now, especially in building. Their great tower on Mount Olives, from the top of which both the Mediterranean and the Dead seas can be seen, is the highest modern structure in the entire East.

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THE Chinese viceroy, Li Hung Chang, was lately interviewed by a philanthropic Englishman in the interest of temperance, peace and arbitration. During the interview champagne was offered. On his guest's refusal the viceroy asked whether he was a "teetotaler," and, receiving an affirmative answer, he said, with a smile, "I perceive that you are a man of benevolence."

* * *

ON one occasion Joseph Chamberlain was praising John Bright's style in the presence of the latter. "I have no style," said Mr. Bright, "but Mr. Gladstone has. I sail along from headland to headland, but Mr. Gladstone carefully follows the coast-line, and wherever he finds a navigable inlet he invariably follows it to its course, returning again to resume his exploration of the coast, and to strike the headlands that I raced for."

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DURING the summer Robert J. Burdette has been serving as pastor to a Baptist church in Philadelphia. At the close of his work they gave him a gold watch inscribed, "Presented to Robert J. Burdette by his Baptist friends at Merton Square as a token of gratitude and esteem. October 6, 1889." On the outer case is a handsome monogram with "R. J. B."

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THE following is from a letter of the Rev. T. Carmichael, of North India: "Canon Isaac Taylor thinks that missionaries ought to be celibates. My own experience is that India wants married missionaries. The women need missioning far more than the men; and in our case my wife and I are *two* missionaries on one pay."

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A FEW years ago the offerings at the temple at Monghyur, India, amounted to $50,000 during the two days of the annual festival; now they are only $20,000. The priests say to the missionaries, "You are the reason. Your preaching and books have taken the fear of us and of our gods from the hearts of the people."

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THE late Dr. Horatius Bonar was remarkable for his intense love of preaching. He came to the pulpit often when he was hardly able to speak, but as soon as he found himself in the place he seemed to become animated and to gather earnestness from the very attention which was always, in a remarkable degree, given to him.

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THE Rev. Edward Abbott, Cambridge, Mass., chosen Missionary Bishop of Japan by the Episcopal House of Bishops, is a brother of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and was formerly a Congregational minister. One of his reasons for changing his church connection was that the Protestant Episcopal church is the "roomiest church in America."

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THE twenty-eighth annual General Conference of the Seventh Day Adventists was held at Battle Creek, Mich., last month. Delegates were present from twenty seven conferences. Elder O. A Oslen presided.

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NEW YORK STATE has eight hundred and seventy-three Baptist churches. Two hundred of them are without pastors.

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THE King of Siam has given a royal palace with extensive grounds to the American Presbyterian missionaries.

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THE students of Princeton College subscribed $2,000 to foreign missions during the past year.

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A MISSIONARY at Kobe, Japan, reports as part of her work the hearing of twenty-six Bible classes each week.